

# THE KENTUCKY TRIBUNE.

JNO. F. ZIMMERMAN & SON,  
Publishers.

News, Politics, and Miscellaneous Reading

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM,  
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## THE KENTUCKY TRIBUNE

IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY  
JNO. F. ZIMMERMAN & SON,  
ON THE FOLLOWING TERMS:

Per annum, in advance, \$2.00  
Within six months, \$1.50  
At the end of the year, \$2.00

We will give one copy of the Tribune,  
and one copy of either Graham's, Godey's, or  
Sartain's Magazine, one year, for \$4.  
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**NEW TYPE,**  
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**FINE CARD TYPE**  
Is very complete, and those desiring either  
Professional or Business Cards, are invited to send  
in their orders.

JNO. F. ZIMMERMAN & SON,  
Tribune Office, Danville, Ky.

### Wit and Humor.

#### QUIPS AND QUIRKS.

"Millions for defence," as the dandy said when  
he was chased by a mad bull.

Let me man rely too much upon his own judg-  
ment, for the wise are sometimes deceived.

The cultivation of the heart should be like  
that of a garden—pruned and weeded before you  
begin to plant.

Why is four cent sugar like a man that never  
surrenders? Because it's "clear grit," and no-  
thing else.

In a glass of brandy costs six cents, what will  
a gallon come to? Answer—A free fight and a vis-  
it to the penitentiary.

Why is a man kissing a sweetheart? Because it  
takes so long to get enough of it.

"The human mind," says an Italian, "walks  
in England; it skips in France; it plods and  
groges in Germany; in Italy, it sneezes."  
In the United States, it spreads.

Men seem to kiss among themselves,  
and scarce will kiss a brother;  
Women often want to kiss so bad,  
They smack and kiss each other.

A young lady in Pittsburg having been struck  
dumb by the firing of a cannon, several mar-  
ried men in that vicinity have invited the artillery  
to parade in front of their dwellings!

Harmless mirth is the best cordial against the  
consumption of the spirits; therefore jesting is  
not unlawful, if it trespasses not in quantity,  
quality or season.

"There's a woman at the bottom of very mis-  
chief," said Joe. "Yes," replied Charley, "when  
I used to get into mischief, my mother was at the  
bottom of me."

There's a man living in Livingston, N. Y.,  
by the name of Atherton, who in one week, in  
January last, thrashed four hundred bushels of  
wheat, three rouses, and seven deputy sheriffs.  
Where's the medal?

One of our California exchanges says: "At  
Whiskey Bar—which is situated between Rat-  
tlesnake and Horse Bars—the miners are making  
money. This is the first time we ever heard of  
men making money at a whiskey bar, except the  
barkeeper."

We find the following gem in a New York  
paper:—Lost, yesterday, somewhere between sun-  
rise and sunset, two golden hours, set with  
sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered;  
for they are gone forever.

A small lad asked permission of his mother  
to go to a ball. She told him it was a bad place  
for little boys. "Why, mother, didn't you and  
father use to go to balls when you were young?"  
"Yes, but we have seen the folly of it," answered  
the mother. "Well, mother," exclaimed the son,  
"I want to see the folly of it too."

A man in Wisconsin, who recently inserted a  
long advertisement in the papers, offering his  
farm for sale, closed it in the following subli-  
mely style: "The surrounding country is  
the most beautiful the God of nature ever made.  
The scenery is celestial—divine—also two wa-  
sons to sell and a yoke of steers."

John Neal predicts that the time will come  
when a man's perspiration will be turned to  
account as steam, and drive him up hill like a  
locomotive. The poet must have had that time  
in his eye when he said:  
"That post-boys, like mails, would mount up-  
wards like rockets,  
By the force of steam engines at work in their  
pockets;  
And on their return, by downward momentum  
Would come flying back as if the d— had sent  
them."

The following is told of our stage-driver, who  
is a great wag:  
"There's a young woman lyin' in that ere  
house yonder," said he to us, as we were rid-  
ing on the outside with him, last summer, "there's  
a young woman lyin' there near about a  
month, and they haven't buried her yet."  
"Why not?" we innocently inquired.  
"Cause she ain't dead!" quietly remarked he,  
as he tickled the ear of his high-leader with his  
whip.

## POETICAL.

### "JESUS WEPT."

A human grief—an earthly gloom,  
The Savior's spirit swept  
By the cold and silent tomb  
Of Lazarus, he wept.

Yes, "Jesus wept"—and lo! on high  
The angels ceased to sing,  
While every saphir in the sky  
Low dropped his shining wing.

The Son of God with grief had striven,  
Had mourned o'er mortal ill,  
And every voice was hushed in Heaven,  
And every harp was still.

The Savior's eye grew moist and dim  
And sad with human tears,  
And all the angels wept with Him  
Through countless glittering spheres.

Oh, holy grief!—that thus could move  
The God whom Saints revere,  
And concentrate a boundless love,  
Within one human tear.

Bright, viewless watchers bore away  
That spiritual gem  
To beam one more immortal ray  
In God's own diadem.

When many a deep and crushing wrong  
Was heaped upon him here,  
He mourned o'er the mis-guided throng  
But shed no self-his tear.

The cross of Calvary he bore,  
Within a manger slept,  
The torturing crown in meekness wore  
But only once he wept.

But once the waves of sorrow rolled  
Above his sacred head,  
And awe-struck gazers cried "Behold  
How Jesus bled the dead!"

He who but truth and wisdom spake  
Had said that Lazarus slept;  
Oh! was it strange he should awake,  
When Cuzar above him wept?

What wonder, if the stars of even  
Had wandered from their spheres,  
Totell the startled hosts of Heaven  
Of their Redeemer's tears?

If burning suns, which have grown bright  
In God's perpetual smile,  
To see Him weep, had veiled their light,  
And paled in grief the while?

And was it strange th' eternal Choir,  
Amazed, should cease to sing?  
That tears should steal o'er every lyre,  
And dim each gem-dim string?

Well nigh the roses of the sky  
In their immortal bloom,  
Grow pale to hear the Saviour sigh,  
Beside a mortal's tomb.

Perchance where unknown systems blaze,  
Of which we can but dream,  
Immortal souls through endless days  
Still chant this wondrous theme:

Perchance with sweet and mournful thrill,  
Forever onward swept,  
Eternal ecstasies mournful still,  
"The gentle Jesus wept."

CANTON PLACE, ILL. ROSA.

### GOOD AND BETTER.

A father sits by the chimney-post,  
On a winter day, enjoying a roast;  
By his side a maiden, young and fair,  
A girl with a wealth of golden hair.

And she teases the father, stern and cold,  
With a question of duty, true and old:  
"Say, father, what shall a maiden do  
When a man of merit comes to woo?"

And, father, when of thy own is my breast?  
Married or single—which is he best?  
Then the sire of the maiden young and fair,  
The girl of the wealth of golden hair,

He answers as ever do fathers cold,  
To be question of duty, true and old:  
"She who weddeth keeps God's letter;  
She who weddeth doth lead."

Then meekly answered the maiden fair,  
The girl with the wealth of golden hair:  
"I will keep the sense of the holy letter,  
Content to do well, without doing better."

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### From the Abingdon Virginian. A Short Sermon.

BY A PLAIN MAN.

Text—But if ye have respect to persons, ye  
commit sin, and are convicted of law as transgressors.—James, ii: 9.

My Hearers: I presume that some of you, at  
least, are acquainted with the writings of St. James.  
I say, I presume, for I assure you that if you were  
to be judged by your actions, no one would ever think  
that you read the chapter from which the text is selected.

It is to be inferred from reading James, that  
at that early day of Christianity, distinctions were  
made between the rich and poor by some  
who professed to be followers of Christ. Such a  
spirit, all know, is in open and direct viola-  
tion of the word of God, and the spirit of Christ;  
and it was to correct this evil that St. James  
wrote as he did. He did not write in a soft,  
dissuading manner, but strikes at the evil with-  
out fear, favor or affection. He writes: "My  
brethren, have not the faith of our Lord Jesus  
Christ, the Lord of Glory, with respect of persons."

This may be construed, first, into an exhorta-  
tion; second, into a command. Anxious to in-  
duce the "twelve tribes" to walk humbly with  
God, and to prove their faith by their works,  
a warning them at the same time, that faith with-  
out works is dead, the Apostle exhorts them not  
to have respect of persons. It is a command-  
ment, because whatever the Apostles wrote was  
by inspiration, or the influence of the Holy  
Ghost, and is therefore binding upon us.

The Bible teaches us that all are brethren—  
having sprung from one parentage—and there-  
fore we should not make any distinctions be-  
tween the good and bad, or the pious and  
wicked. And such as profess to be Christians,  
and have respect of persons give the lie to their  
professions. But alas! how often do we see  
persons, preachers and laity, bowing and scrap-  
ing to the rich nabob, who may be as wicked

as Satan wishes him to be, and then barely  
speak to a poor person, though he or she may  
be an "Israelite indeed." Now, this is not an  
enlarged story, but a true and unvarnished  
fact. I have no sympathy with one who would  
endeavor to arraign the poor against the rich—  
neither have I any confidence in one who pro-  
fesses to be a Christian, and has more regard for  
a rich sinner than for a poor Christian. You  
might as well sing psalms to a dead horse, as to  
talk about such persons being Christians! St.  
James says they "commit sin," and if in one in-  
stance, are guilty of violating the whole law.

Christ was an humble, meek and lowly man,  
and St. Paul tells us that "if any man have not  
the spirit of Christ, he is none of his." Now, if  
the world is to be christianized, or if our own  
people are to be converted, professors of religion  
must do more than join the church; they must  
let their light shine, and their hearts seeing their  
good works may be constrained to glorify God.  
Jesus Christ said that "not every one that saith  
unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter the kingdom  
of God, but he that doth the will of my father  
in heaven." This should be a warning to such  
as say they are Christians. I know many who  
can sing as loud, pray as long, and shout as  
boisterously as any or all of the three thousand  
who were converted on the day of Pentecost; and  
afterwards have as stiff necks, and walk with  
as high heads as any of the disciples of Paul.

My hearers! when will you learn wisdom? It  
has been some time since I preached for you—  
having been engaged in preaching to other hear-  
ers. But having performed the object of my  
mission to them, I have returned, and am now  
ready to do all in my power to persuade you to  
for-ake your idols, give up your superstitions,  
and worship the true God, who is no respecter  
of persons. May he enable you all to show to  
the world that religion which alone will make  
you happy in time, and save you in eternity.  
Amen!

### High Shanks, and so on.

ABOUT "SHANGHAI"—The Express having  
"old its tale" in relation to this rare bird, we  
feel it our privilege to be also heard on the oc-  
casion. A farmer residing in that indefinite lo-  
cality, "out West," says that the then ferret  
rages some up that way, and inquires, "Now,  
what do you think of the variety called SHANK-  
soms, whose name don't belie them? I tell  
my wife they have no body at all, and that  
when the head is cut off, their legs come right  
apart! Am I right? Neighbor Buck's girl,"

wife says they're the loveliest things to lay  
on, their legs and lay both at once. I don't be-  
lieve it!"—his contrary to nature. I think they  
recline a little, as they are—heralds! how can  
they set? My jack-knife can't cut them as they  
can. I tell you, Mr. Editor, they put things out  
of joint too, dreadfully. When Buckingham's  
wife got her shanklegs home the other day,  
old Kink happened to hear the old rooster crow  
the first time, and not knowing anything about  
the matter, summoned his hands on the place  
to come and get the old blind mule out of the  
crib. Old Kink says—"Dey don't sit on the  
roost same as older chickens do, nohow, but  
dey sits straddle of de stick, cause why, when  
they 'tempt to sit as common chickens, de head  
ain't hobbly 'nuff for de legs, and dey falls off  
backwards." Come! philosophy that. They  
sit when they eat, I know, for I've seen 'em eat  
standing, but it was no go, for when they peck  
at a grain of corn on the ground, they don't  
more'n half reach it, but the head has right be-  
tween their legs, making 'em lurch a somersault.  
May be they're like singed cats, betwixt they  
look, and that's bad enough, anyhow. I'd soon  
see a pair of tongs or compasses walking a-  
bout the yard as these shanklegs. And I had  
like to have forced to tell you that Peter says  
"Dey's big liars, cause dey crows long 'fore dey  
do." But Kink says—"Pete don't 'flect dat der legs  
is so long, dey see daylight long 'fore com-  
mon chickens."—[Albany (N. Y.) Register.

### The Snapp'd Gun.

"You will please to observe," said Mr.  
Lambell, as he led us through his school the  
other day that the boys are required to display  
the utmost attention to questions and discipline,  
and in a short time become divested of that most  
annoying disposition to tease each other; in  
short, they soon settle down in all the gravity  
of mature years under the wholesome system I have  
introduced."

We, at this moment, arrived in front of several  
boys who were standing around a bucket of  
water, and one had just charged his mouth with  
the contents of a tin cup, while the old gentle-  
man was stooping to recover his pen from the  
floor, when another boy passing behind, snap-  
ped his finger quickly beneath the boy's ear,  
causing him by a sudden start to eject the con-  
tents over the pedagogic's bald pate. In-  
stantly starting upright, with his face and hair  
dripping, the master shouted:

"Who done that?"  
The party unanimously cried out, "Jim Gun,  
sir."

"Jim Gun, you rascal! what did you do that  
for?"  
Jim, appalled at the mischief he had done,  
muttered that it was not his fault, but Tom  
Owen had snapp'd him.

This changed the direction of old Lambell's  
wrath, and shaking his hand portentously over  
Owen's head, he asked, "did you snapp Gun?"

The culprit, trembling with fear, murmured,  
"yes, sir, I snapp Gun, but I didn't know he  
was loaded."

"How much you charge, massa Magistrate,  
to carry me and Miss Dinah?"  
"Well, Clem, I'll marry you for two dollars,  
—Two dollars! What you charge to marry  
white folks, massa?"

"We generally charge five dollars, Clem."  
"Well, you marry us like white folks; and I'll  
give you five dollars, too."

"Why, Clem, that's a curious notion, but a  
you desire it I'll marry you like white folks for  
five dollars."

The ceremony being performed, and Clem and  
Dinah being one, the magistrate exclaimed his fee.  
"Oh, no massa, you no come up to de 'greem-  
ent,"

"How so, Clem, what is lacking?"  
"Why, you no kiss de bride."

"Get out of my office, you black rascal!"

### From Grant's Mexico. A Tale of a Turkey.

As a certain learned judge, in Mexico, some  
time since, walked one morning into Court, he  
thought he would examine whether he was in  
time for business, and feeling for his repeater,  
found it was not in his pocket.

"As usual," said he to a friend who accompa-  
nied him, as he passed through the crowd near  
the door: "as usual, I have again left my watch  
at home under my pillow."

He went on the bench and sought no more of  
it. The Court adjourned and he returned home.  
As soon as he was quietly seated in his parlor,  
he thought him of his time piece, and turning  
to his wife, requested her to send for it to  
their chamber.

"But, my dear Judge," said she, "I sent it to  
you three hours ago."

"Sent it to me, my dear! Certainly not!"  
"Unquestionably," replied the lady, "and by  
the way you sent for it!"

"The person I sent for it I thought the Judge."  
"Precisely, my dear the very person you sent  
for it. You had not left home more than an  
hour, when a well dressed man knocked at the  
door and asked to see me. He brought one of  
the very finest turkeys I ever saw; and said that  
on your way to court you met an Indian with a  
number of fowls, and having bought this one,  
quite a bargain, you had given him a couple of  
reals to bring it home, with the request that I  
would have it killed, picked and put to cold, as  
you intended to invite your brother Judges to a  
dish of molla with you to-morrow. And 'O, by  
the way, Señora," said he, 'his Excellency, the  
Judge, requested me to ask you to give yourself  
the trouble to go to your chamber and take his  
watch from under the pillow, where he left it,  
as usual, this morning, and send it to him by  
me.' And of course, I did so."

"You did?" said the Judge.  
"Certainly," said the lady.

"Well," replied the Judge, "all I can say to  
you, my dear, is that you are as great a goose as  
the bird is a turkey. You're been robbed, mad-  
am; the man was a thief; I never sent for my  
watch; you've been imposed on, and as a neces-  
sary consequence, the confounded watch is lost  
forever!"

The trick was a cunning one, and after a  
laugh, and the restoration of the Judge's good  
humor by a good dinner, it was resolved actual-  
ly to have the turkey for to-morrow's dinner,  
and his Honor's brothers of the bench be in-  
vited to enjoy so dear a morsel.

Accordingly, after the adjournment of court  
next day, they all repaired to his dwelling with  
appetites sharpened by the expectation of a rare  
repast.

Scarcely had they entered, and exchanged the  
ordinary salutations when the lady broke forth  
with congratulations to his honor upon the re-  
covery of the stolen watch!

"How happy am I," exclaimed she, "that the  
villain was apprehended!"

"Apprehended!" said the Judge, with surpri-  
se. "Yes; and doubtless convicted, too, by this,"  
said his wife.

"You are always talking riddles," replied he.  
"Explain yourself, my dear; I know nothing of  
the thief, catch or conviction."

"It can't be possible that I have been again de-  
ceived," quoth the lady; but this is the story:  
About one o'clock today, a pale and rather  
interesting young gentleman, dressed in a suit  
of black, came to the house in great haste—al-  
most out of breath. He said he was just from  
Cuzco—that he was one of the clerks—that the  
great vizier who had the audacity to steal your  
Honor's watch had been just arrested; that the  
evidence was nearly perfect to convict him,  
and that all that was required to complete it was the  
turkey, which must be brought into Court, and  
for that he had been sent with a porter by  
your express orders."

"And you gave it to him?"  
"Of course, I did—what could I have done?  
him, or resisted the order of a Judge?"

"Watch and turkey both gone!—pray, what  
are we to do for a dinner?"

### "Stop my Paper."

The following remarks are too good to be cast  
aside, without at least a passing notice. They  
are true to the letter, and suitable to all loca-  
ties. We are of opinion that the weakest ca-  
pacity cannot fail to understand them.

It is astonishing what exalted notions some  
persons have of their own importance. They  
seem to imagine the "are" altogether necessary to  
the onward roll of our little world, and that if,  
by any means, they should be shored out of the  
way, the screws would be so loose that the old  
machine would no longer hold together; and, of  
course, if such important personages only say  
to an editor, "Stop my paper," the whole estab-  
lishment must go to pot instantly. We have of-  
ten laughed in our sleeve, though outwardly  
we looked as grave as an owl, when one of these  
regulators of the world has marched into our  
editorial sanctum, and ordered a discontinu-  
ance of his paper. And it always does us good  
to see how the starch is taken out of him, while  
the editor snuggles up to him, "Certainly, sir, as  
soon as the clerk has entered a hundred or more  
names, which have just been sent in."

The mighty man sits down like the narrative of a  
whipped spaniel, and he shrinks away, mutter-  
ing to himself, "Well, I'm afraid that stopping  
my paper has not ruined him after all."

Those swells, who stop their papers on ac-  
count of some ill which has found its way into  
their errand, are sure to watch the time of  
the next issue, thinking that another number  
will make its appearance; and they are sure to  
borrow their neighbor's copy, to see if it does  
not contain the editor's farewell address to his  
readers.

We once knew a minister, who, in describing  
the Christian's character, and the circumpec-  
tion of his walk, said they way to heaven re-  
quired as much care as it did for a cat to walk  
on a wall covered with broken bottles. It is  
something so with an editor, if he is to please  
everybody.

How noiselessly the snow comes down. You  
may see it, feel it, but never hear it. Such is  
true charity.

Be not silent, when duty bids you speak.

### TAVERN STAND.

THE subscribers having taken  
for a term of years the tavern stand  
in Danville known as the "CEN-  
TURY HOUSE," would respect-  
fully inform the public that they are now pre-  
pared to accommodate all who may see proper  
to call upon them. It is useless to make propo-  
sitions—our motto is, TRY US.

JAMES HOPE,  
J. B. WHITE.  
Danville, Jan 13, 1854

### GUN-SMITHING!

WM. WOLLASTON  
HAYING declined removing from Danville  
has re-opened his shop, and may be found  
on Main street, adjoining the Store of  
J. H. FURVELL, where he is ready to do all  
work in his line with promptness and in good  
style. I have now on hand a supply of  
Rifles, Shot-Guns, Pistols,  
Powder, Shot, Caps and Wadding; Game  
Bugs, Shot-Pouches, Powder-Fasks,  
And every other article in my line of business,  
all of which I will sell on reasonable terms.  
Sept 16, '53 WM. WOLLASTON.

### NOTICE

I hereby given to all persons who have ta-  
ken stock in the "Central Kentucky Stock  
Agricultural and Mechanical Association," and  
have not paid in their stock, that it is very much  
needed to make the Association to continue in  
the improvement of their grounds, and it is  
hoped that all such persons will call in and pay  
up without delay.

J. B. AKIN, Sec'y.  
Danville, Jan 20, '54

### A Time for all Things.

"HERE is a time to Dance and a time  
to Sin," and Huxley thinks there  
ought to be a time to Tax, and hoping all that  
are involved in the Duty, will make his pocket-  
"Sing for joy," he remains,  
Respectfully yours,  
JOHN C. HEWEY.

Jan 23, '54

500 Bushels Blue-Grass Seed  
In store and for sale at the Mammoth Groce-  
ry of W. B. MORROW & CO.  
Jan 6, '54

Clover Seed.  
100 BU-BELS Clover Seed for sale by  
[Jan 20] WELSH & RUSSEL

Farmer's Almanac.  
MORTON & GRISWOLD'S Was  
Morton Farmer's Almanac for 1854 for  
sale at  
MCGRODY'S.

House and Lot in Perryville  
FOR SALE.  
HAYING purchased a farm on the Perry-  
ville turnpike, I wish to sell my HOUSE  
and LOT in Perryville, on Main street. The  
house is a new two-story frame, roomy and  
comfortable, and finished in first-rate style.  
There is attached a good kitchen, smoke-  
house, carriage-house, stables, &c.—all new,  
and of the best workmanship. The lot con-  
tains about one acre, and the garden is well  
set with the choicest shrubbery. There is a  
good horse lot attached to the stable.  
This property is well worth the attention  
of any one desiring to purchase a good and  
comfortable residence in Perryville, and it will  
old on reasonable terms.  
For further particulars, application may be  
made, during my absence, to my brother, Jan-  
es C. Hewey, living about half way between Dan-  
ville and Perryville, on the turnpike.  
D. N. HEATH.  
Perryville, Oct 21, '53

Chains, Vice, &c.  
WELSH & RUSSEL keep constan-  
ly on hand, and at low prices, Log  
Draws, Hammers and Dog Chains, Black  
smiths and Quarry's Sledges, Hammers  
Vices, &c.  
March 3, '53

### THE PLACE

To Get the Worth of your Money.  
T. J. SHINDLEBOWER,  
Third N., opposite the Printing Office.  
HAS just received a stock of articles  
in his line, consisting in part of  
FAMILY GROCERIES,  
Canned, Havana and N. O. Sugar;  
Graham's Tea and Coffee;  
Mashed Spices, Starch;  
S. and Yellow Can-tees;  
E. Allen Cream Cheese; Smoked Herring;  
Flour and Vinegar;  
Preserved Fruits, Raisins, Prunes, and Citron;  
FINE COGNAC AND TOBACCO,  
Together with a good supply of  
Almonds, Filberts, Etc. Walnuts and Pecans  
Also, a large assortment of  
FANCY ARTICLES,  
Perfumery Toys, and other things too nume-  
rous to mention. A full stock of  
Candies and Cakes.  
If assorted kinds, always on hand, and for  
sale either at wholesale or retail.  
This stock is fresh and fine, and will be sold  
at low prices. Before purchasing please call on  
and see the "Old Confectionery Store," op-  
posite the Tribune Printing Office, and call and  
examine for yourselves.  
T. J. SHINDLEBOWER.  
Nov 15, '53

## DAGUERRIAN NOTICE!

MR. ALEX. COX, of Lexington, Ky.,  
has taken the Daguerrian Rooms as  
a place for the Daguerrian House for a short time,  
where he will be pleased to wait upon all who  
may favor him with their patronage.  
Ladies and Gentlemen are invited to call and  
examine specimens of the art, whether in water  
or not. Satisfaction given in all cases.  
ALEX. COX

HEWEY'S  
FURNITURE & BEDROOMS

I HAVE now on hand a large and superior  
stock of Furniture, consisting in part of  
the following articles:  
26 Bedsteads, of every style and finish;  
12 French Cottage Bedsteads;  
3 St. Louis do do;  
9 French do do;  
6 High-post do do;  
25 Dozen Chairs,  
Embracing various patterns, as follows:  
16 dozen Windsor; 6 dozen Cane Seat;  
4 " Cushioned; 2 " Rocking;  
4 " Office and Dining Room; and 126  
dozen Children's Chairs. Together with my  
usual supply of the different styles of  
Bureaus, Tables, Wardrobes,  
And other articles in my line. All Furniture  
of my own manufacture is warranted to be as  
re, resented. I employ superior work











